

People called him a devotee but he felt that the title was above his worth. Like a crown on the head of a dwarf or like the bedecking of a noseless face or a blind man's amour it made his life laughable. He looked at other devotees and felt that he was a jungle-berry by the side of mango fruit. How should he say that he was a devotee, knowing men who were God's, servants? In what sense could he be God's servant along with those others who served God ? "Smaller than I," he said, "there is none and there is none greater than your servants. Standing in the shade of a tree,, who would try to distinguish his own shadow? In the presence of your devotees, what devotion is mine. Would not the claim that I too am a servant destroy ? ""The utmost that he would claim was that he was a child of the household of God's servants. As leader of the movement however and the man of means who could help religious men he was often the recipient of encomium. He felt himself on trial when praised in this way. Was this the discipline for him, to stand praise and not let it go into the head?

"My people who loved me praised me over and over and! raised me to a golden stake. Their praise killed me. Friends, your regard was as a sharp dagger to me! I am hurt; I cannot bear it. O Lord Kudala Sangama, if you would be merciful, come between me and

their
O Good One!"

Elsewhere he says that the man who found fault with him did him good. Those who praised him only harmed him. Their weapon was of gold because they meant well but it injured nonetheless.

only

gold

they